Pand. Do you heere my Lord, do you heere.

Troyl. What now ?

Pand. Heer's a letter come from yond poore girle.

Troy. Let me read,

Pand. A whorson tisick, a whorson rascally tisick, so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girle, and what one thing, what another, that I shall leaue you one ath's dayes : and I haue a rheume in mine eyes too, and such an ache in my bones, that vnlesse a man were curst I cannot tell what to thinke on't. What sayes she there ?

Troy. Words, words, meere words, no matter frō the heart,
Th'effect doth operate another way.
Go winde to winde, there turne and change together ;
My loue with words and errors still she feedes,
But edifies another with her deedes. *Exeunt.*

Enter Therſites : excurſions.

Therſi. Now they are clapper-clawing one another : Ile go looke on, that dissembling abhominable varlet *Diomede*, has got that same scruuie dooting foolish knaues sleeue of Troy there in his helme. I would faine see them meete, that that same young Troyan asse that loues the whore there, might send that Greekish whore-masterly villaine with the sleeue, back to the dissembling luxurious drabbe of a sleeue-lesse arrant. Ath' tother side, the pollicie of those craftie swearing raskalls ; that stale old Mouse-eaten drye cheese *Nestor* : and that same dogge-foxe *Ulisses*, is not proou'd worth a Black-berry. They set mee vp in pollicie, that mongrill curre *Aiax*, against that dogge of as bad a kinde *Achilles*. And now is the curre *Aiax*, prouder then the curre *Achilles*, and will not arme to day. Where-vpon the Grecians began to proclaime barbarisme, and pollicie growes into an ill opinion. Soft here comes sleeue & tother.

Troy. Flye not, for shouldst thou take the riuer Stix, I would swim after,

Diomed. Thou doost miscall retire,
I doe not flie, but aduantagious care,
With-drew me from the ods of multitude, haue at thee?

Ther. Hold thy whore Grecian : now for thy whore Troian,

Now